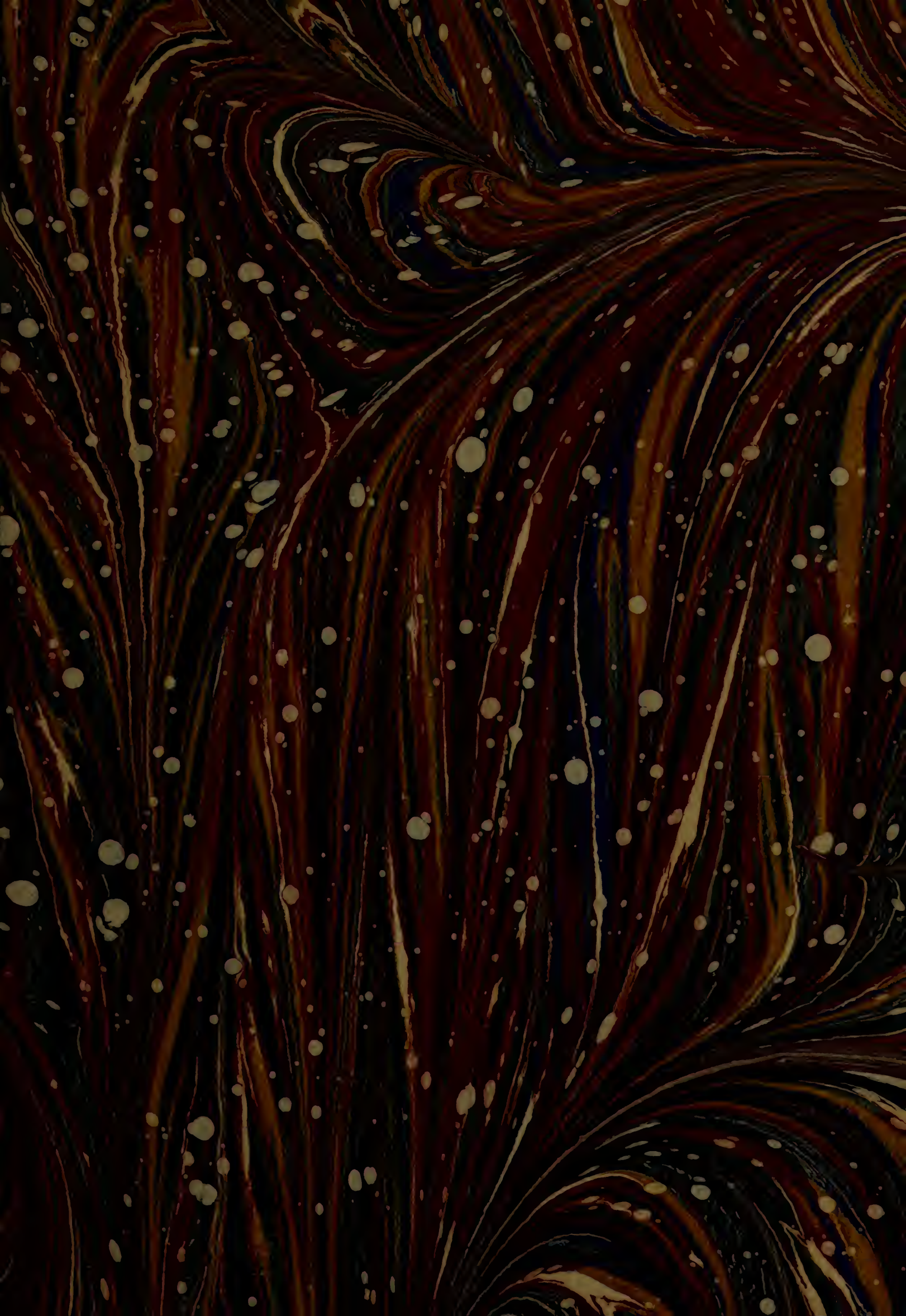


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William Holgate.



S.T. 17973

variant
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THE HISTORY OF Antonio and

præsum f 8

Mellida,

N. L. S.

The first part.

*As it hath beene sundry times acted,
by the children of Paules.*

Written by I. M.



LONDON

Printed for Mathewe Lownes, and Thomas Fisher, and
are to be soulede in Saint Dunstons Church-uarde.

1602.



To the onely rewarder, and most iust
poiser of vertuous merits, the most hono-
rably renowned No-body, bountious Me-
cenas of Poetry, and Lord Protector
of oppressed innocence,
Do, Dedicoque.



SINCE it hath flow'd with the current of my
humorous bloode, to affect (a little too much)
to be seriously fantastical: here take (most re-
spected Patron) the worthlesse present of my
slighter idlenes. If you vouchsaf not his protectiō
then, O thou sweetest perfectiō (Female beautie) shield mee
from the stopping of vineger bottles. Which most wished fa-
uour if it faile me; then, Si nequeo flectere superos, A-
cheronta mouebo. But yet, Honours redcemer, vertues
aduancer, religions shelter, and pieties fosterer, Yet, yet
I faint not in despaire of thy gracious affection & protection:
to which I onely shall euer rest most seruingmanlike, obsequi-
ously making legs, and standing (after our free-borne English
garbe) bare headed.

Thy onely affied slaue, and admirer;

I M.

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which is somewhat
faded and difficult
to read. It appears
to be a list or index
of some kind, possibly
related to the subject
of the book.



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The text at the bottom of the page is also very faint and illegible. It appears to be a short sentence or a phrase, but the words are too light to read.

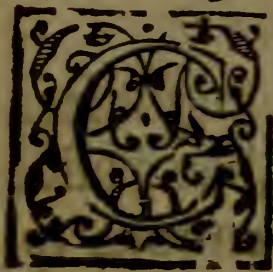
A

The Play called Antonio and

Mellida.

Induction.

¶ Enter Galeazzo, Piero, Alberto, Antonio, Forobesco, Balurdo, Matz agente, & Feliche, with parts in their hands: hauing cloakes cast ouer their apparell.



Come sirs, come: the musique will sounde straight for entrance. Are yee readie, are yee perfect?

Pier. Faith, we can say our parts: but wee are ignorant in what mould we must cast our Actors.

Albert. Whome doe you personate?

Pie. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O, ho: then thus frame your exterior shape,
To hautie forme of elate maiestie;
As if you held the palsey shaking head
Of reeling chaunce, vnder your fortunes belt,
In strictest vassalage: growe big in thought,
As swolne with glory of succesfull armes.

Pie. If that be all, feare not, Ile fute it right.

Who can not be proud, stroak vp the haire, and strut!

Al. Truth: such ranke custome is growne popular;
And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalkes as proud, vpon the weakest stilts
Of the slight st fortunes, as if *Hercules*,
Or burly *Atlas* shouldred vp their state.

Pi. Good: but whome act you?

Alb. The necessitie of the play forceth me to act two parts; *Andrugio*, the distressed Duke of *Genoa*, and *Alberto*, a *Venetian* gentleman, enamoured on the *Ladie Rossaline*: whose fortunes being too weake to sustaine the port of her, he prou'd alwaies defastrous in loue: his worth being much vnderpoised by the vne-

The first part of

uen scale, that currants all thinges by the outwarde stamp of opiniō. *Gal.* Wel, and what dost thou play?

Ba. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Bal. The foole. I in good deede law now, I play *Balurdo*, a wealthie mountbanking Burgomasco's heire of *Venice*.

Alb. Ha, ha: one, whose foppish nature might seem great, only for wise mens recreation; and, like a Iuicelless barke, to preferue the sap of more strenuous spirits. A seruile hounde, that loues the sent of forerunning fashion, like an emptie hollow vault, still giuing an eccho to wit: greedily champing what any other well valued iudgement had before hand shew'd.

Fero. Ha, ha, ha: tolerably good, good faith sweet wag.

Alb. Vmh; why tolerably good, good faith sweet wag? Go, goe; you flatter me.

Fero. Right; I but dispose my speach to the habit of my part. *Alb.* Why, what plaies he? *To Feliche.*

Fe. The wolfe, that eats into the breast of Princes; that breeds the Lethargy and falling sicknesse in honour; makes Iustice looke asquint, and blinks the eye of merited rewarde from viewing desertfull vertue.

Alb. Whats all this Periphraisis? ha?

Fe. The substance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O, doth he play *Forebosco*, the Parasite? Good i-faith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight in outward semblance, as a Ladies buske; though inwardly, as crosse as a paire of Tailors legs: hauing a tongue as nimble as his needle, with seruile patches of glauering flattery, to stitch vp the bracks of vnworthily honour.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fo. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee prooue the very Perewig to couer the balde pate of brainelesse gentilitie.

Ho. I will so tickle the sense of *bella gratiosa madonna*, with the titillation of Hyperbolicall praise, that Ile strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Fel. Thou promisest more, than I hope any Spectator giues faith of performance: but why looke you so duskie? ha? *To Antonio.*

Ant. I was neuer worse fitted since the natiuitie of my Actorshippe: I shalt be hist at, on my life now.

Fel. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an Hermaphrodite; two parts in one: my true person being *Antonio*, son to the Duke of *Genoa*; though for the loue of *Mellida*, *Pieros* daughter, I take this fained presence of an *Amazon*, calling my selfe *Florizell*, and I know not what. I a voice to play a lady! I shall nere doe it.

Al. O, an *Amazon* should haue such a voice; *virago*-like, Not play two parts in one? away, away: tis common fashion. Nay if you cannot bear two subtile frōts vnder one hood, Ideot goe by, goe by; off this worlds stage. O times impuritie!

Ant. I, but whē vsē hath taught me actiō, to hit the right point of a Ladies part, I shall growe ignorant when I must turne young Prince againe, how but to trusse my hose. (breaches still.

Fel. Tush neuer put them off: for women weare the

Mat. By the bright honour of a *Millanoise*, and the resplendent fulgor of this Steele, I will defende the feminine to death; and ding his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares diuulge a Ladies preiudice. *Exit Ant. & Al.*

Fel.

The first part of

Fe. Rampum scampum, mount tuftie *Tamburlaine*.
What rattling thunderclappe breakes from his lips?

Alb. O, 'tis natiue to his part. For, acting a moderne *Bragadoch* vnder the person of *Matzagente*, the Duke of *Millaines* sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fashion of coherence.

Pie. But me thinks he speakes with a spruce Attick accent of adulterate Spanish.

Al. So 'tis resolu'd. For, *Millane* being halfe Spanish, halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chiftest houses, is corrupt and mungrel'd: so that you shal see a fellow vaine-glorious, for a Spaniard; gluttonous, for a Dutchman; proud, for an Italian; and a fantastick Ideot, for all. Such a one conceipt this *Matzagente*.

Fe. But I haue a part allotted mee, which I haue neither able apprehension to conceipt, nor what I conceipt gracious abilitie to vtter. (of thy spirit.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut: good shew vs a draught

Fe. Tis steddie, and must seeme so impregnably fortrest with his own cōtent, that no eniuous thought could euer inuade his spirit: neuer surueying any man so vnmeasuredly happie, whome I thought not iustly hatefull for some true impouerishment: neuer beholding any fauour of *Madam Felicity* gracing another, which his well bounded content perswaded not to hang in the front of his owne fortune: and therefore as farre from enuying any man, as he valued all men infinitely distant from accomplisht beatitude. These natiue adiuncts appropriate to me the name of *Feliche*. But last, good thy humour. *Exit Alb.*

A. Tis to be describ'd by signes & tokens. For vnlesse I were possesst with a legiō of spirits, 'tis impossible to be
made per-

Antonio and Mellida.

perſpicuous by any vtterance: For ſometimes he muſt take aſtere ſtate, as for the perſon of *Galeatzo*, the ſonne of the duke of *Florence*, & poſſeſſe his exterior preſence with a formall maieltie: keepe popularitie in diſtance, and on the ſudden ſling his honour ſo prodigally into a common Arme, that hee may ſeeme to giue vp his indiſcretion to the mercy of vulgar cēſure: Now as ſolemne as a trauailer, and as graue as a Puritanes ruffe: with the ſame breath as flight and ſcatterd in his faſhion as as as a a any thing: Now, as ſweet and neat as a Barbours caſting-bottle; ſtraight as flouently as the yeasty breaſt of an Ale-knight: now, lamenting: then chafing: ſtraight laughing: then

Feli. What then?

Anto. Faith I know not what: 'tad bene a right part for *Proteus* or *Gew*: ho, blinde *Gew* would ha don't rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not poſſible to limme ſo many perſons in ſo ſmall a tablet as the compaſſe of our playes afford.

Anto. Right: therefore I haue heard that thoſe perſons, as he & you *Feliche*, that are but ſlightly drawen in this Comedie, ſhould receiue more exact accompliſhment in a ſecond Part: which, if this obtaine gracious acceptance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue, cleare the Stage.

Exeunt.

B

The

The first Parte of

¶ The Prologue.

THE wreath of pleasure, and delicious sweetes,
Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope:
Select, and most respected Auditours,
For wits sake doe not dreame of miracles.
Alas, we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad waight of an vnused hope,
Vpon our weakenesse: onely we giue vp
The woorthlesse present of slight idlenesse,
To your authentick censure; O that our Muse
Had those abstruse and synowy faculties,
That with a straine of fresh inuention
She might presse out the raritie of Art;
The pur'st elixed ioyce of rich conceipt,
In your attentiu eares; that with the lip
Of gracious elocution, we might drinke
A sound carouse vnto your health of wit.
But O, the heathy drynesse of her braine,
Foyle to your fertile spirits, is asham'd
To breath her blushing numbers to such eares:
Yet (most ingenious) deigne to vaile our wants;
With sleeke acceptance, polish these rude Sceanes:
And if our slightnesse your large hope beguiles,
Check not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.

Exit Prologue.

ACT.

Antonio and Mellida.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

¶ *The Cornets sound a battle within.*

¶ *Enter Antonio, disguised like an Amazon.*

An. HEART, wilt not break! & thou abhorred life
Wilt thou still breath in my enraged bloud?
Vaines, synewes, arteries, why crack yee not?
Burst and diuul'st, with anguish of my grieſe.
Can man by no meanes creepe out of himſelfe,
And leaue the ſlough of viperous grieſe behinde?
Antonio, haſt thou ſcene a fight at ſea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doome;
Betwixt thy father, duke of *Genoa*,
And proud *Piero*, the *Venetian* Prince?
In which the ſea hath ſwolne with *Genoas* bloud,
And made ſpring tydes with the warme reeking gore,
That guſht from out our *Gallics* ſcupper holes;
In which, thy father, poore *Andrugio*,
Lyes ſunk, or leapt into the armes of chaunce,
Choakt with the laboring *Oceans* brackiſh fome;
Who euen, deſpite *Pieros* cancred hate,
VVould with an armed hand haue ſeiz'd thy loue,
And linkt thee to the beautious *Mellida*.
Haue I outliu'd the death of all theſe hopes?
Haue I felt anguish pourd into my heart,
Burning like *Balaſamum* in tender wounds;
And yet doſt liue! could not the fretting ſea
Haue rowl'd me vp in wrinkles of his browe?

The first Part of

Is death growen coy? or grim confusion nice?
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on *Venice* shoare?
And try new fortunes with this strange disguise?
To purchase my adored *Mellida*.

The Cornets sound a flourish: cease.

Harke how *Piero's* triumphs beat the ayre,
O rugged mischief how thou grat'st my heart!
Take spirit, blood, disguise, be confident:
Make a firme stand, here rests the hope of all,
Lower then hell, there is no depth to fall.

*The Cornets sound a Synnet: Enter Feliche and Alberto,
Castilio and Forobosco, a Page carying a shield: Piero
in Armour: Catzo and Dildo and Balurdo: All these
(saying Piero) armed with Petronels: Beeing entred,
they make a stand in diuided soyles.*

Piero. Victorious Fortune, with tryumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory bout this ball of earth,
Whil'st the *Venetian* Duke is heaued vp
On wings of faire successe, to ouer-looke
The low cast ruines of his enemies,
To see my selfe ador'd, and *Genoa* quake,
My fate is firmer then mischance can shake.

Feli. Stand, the ground trembleth.

Piero. Hah? an earthquake?

Ball. Oh, I smell a sound.

Feli. *Piero* stay, for I descry a fume,
Creeping from out the bosome of the deepe,
The breath of darkenesse, fatall when 'tis whist

Antonio and Mellida.

In greatnes stomacke: this fame smoake, call'd pride,
Take heede shee'le lift thee to improuidence,
And breake thy necke from steepe securitie,
Shee'le make thee grudge to let *Iehoua* share
In thy successfull battailes: O, shee's ominous,
Inticeth princes to deuour heauen,
Swallow omnipotence, out-stare dread fate,
Subdue *Eternitie* in giant thought,
Heaues vp their hurt with swelling, puffed conceit,
Till their soules burst with venom'd *Arrogance*:
Beware *Piero*, *Rome* it selfe hath tried,
Confusions traine blowes vp this *Babell* pride.

Pier. Pish, *Dimitto superos, summa votorum attigi.*

Alberto, hast thou yeelded vp our fixt decree
Vnto the *Genoan* Embassadour?

Are they content if that their duke returne,
To send his, and his sonne *Antonios* head,
As pledges steept in bloud, to gaine their peace?

Alb. With most obsequious, sleek-brow'd intertain,
They all embrace it as most gracious.

Pier. Are Proclamations sent through *Italy*,
That whosoever brings *Andrugios* head,
Or young *Anthonios*, shall be guerdoned
With twentie thousand double Pistolets,
And be indeened to *Pieros* loue?

Forob. They are sent euery way: sound policy.
Sweete Lord.

Fel. Confusion to these limber Sycophants.
No sooner mischief's borne in regenty,
But flattery christens it with pollicy.

racitè.

Pier. Why

The first Parte of

Why then :O me *Celitum excelsissimum!*

The intestine malice, and inueterate hate

I alwaies bore to that *Andrugio,*

Glories in triumph ore his misery:

Nor shall that carpet-boy *Antonio*

Match with my daughter, sweet cheekt *Mellida.*

No, the publick power makes my faction strong.

Fel. Ill, when publick power strēgthneth priuate wrōg.

Pie. Tis horse-like, not for man, to know his force.

Fel. Tis god-like, for a man to feele remorse.

Pie. Pish, I profecute my families reuenge,
VVhich Ile pursue with such a burning chace

Till I haue dri'd vp all *Andrugios* bloud;

VVeake rage, that with flight pittie is withstoode.

¶ *The Cornets sound a flourish.*

VVhat meanes that fresh triumphall flourish sound?

Alb. The prince of *Millane,* and young *Florence* heir
Approach to gratulate your victorie.

Pie. VVeele girt them with an ample waste of loue;
Conduct them to our presence royally.

Let vollies of the great Artillery

From of our gallies banks play prodigall,

And sou'd lowd welcome frō their bellowing mouths.

Exit Piero tantum.

¶ *The Cornets sound a Cynet. Enter aboue, Mellida, Rosaline and Flauia: Enter belowe, Galeatzo with attendants: Piero meeteth him, embraceth; at which the Cornets sound a flourish: Piero and Galeatzo exeunt: the rest stand still.* (thers guard?

Mell. VVhat prince was that passed through my fa-

Fla.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fla. Twas *Galeazzo*, the young *Florentine*.

Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhead,
Enter the wals yfaith (sweet *Mellida*)

If that thy flankers be not Canon prooffe.

Mell. Oh *Mary Ambree*, good, thy iudgement wench;
Thy bright electious cleere, what will he proouue?

Ros. Hath a short finger aud a naked chinne;
A skipping eye, dare lay my iudgement (faith)
His loue is glibbery; there's no hold ont, wench:
Giue me a husband whose aspect is firme,
A full cheekt gallant, with a bouncing thigh:
Oh, he is the *Paradizo dell madonne contento*.

Mell. Euen such a one was my *Antonio*.

¶ *The Cornets sound a Cynet.*

Rossa. By my nine and thirteth seruant (sweete)
Thou art in loue, but stand on tiptoed faire,
Here comes *Saint Tristram Tirlery whiffe* yfaith.

¶ Enter *Matzagente*, *Piero* meetes him, embraceth; at which
the *Cornets* sound a flourish: they two stand, vsing seeming
complements, whilst the *Sceane* passeth aboue.

Mell. S. Marke, S. Marke, what kind of thing appears?

Ros. For fancies passion, spit vpon him; figh:
His face is varnisht: in the name of loue,
VVhat country bred that creature?

Mell. VVhat is he *Flauia*?

Fla. The heire of *Millane*, *Segnior Matzagent*.

Ros. *Matzagent*? now by my pleasures hope,
He is made like a tilting staffe; and lookes
For all the world like an ore-rosted pigge:
A great *Tobacco* taker too, thats flat.

The first booke of

For his eyes looke as if they had bene hung
In the smoake of his nose.

Mell. What husband, wil he prooue sweete *Rossaline*?

Ross. Auoid him: for he hath a dwindled legge,
A lowe forehead, and a thinne cole-black beard,
And will be iealous too, beleeeue it sweete:

For his chin sweats, and hath a gander neck,

A thinne lippe, and a little monkish eye:

Pretious, what a slender waste he hath!

He lookes like a May-pole; or a notched stick:

Heele snap in two at euery little straine.

Giue me a husband that will fill mine armes,

Of steddie iudgement, quicke and nimble sense:

Fooles relish not a Ladies excellence.

*Exeunt all on the lower Stage: at which the Cornets sound a
florish, and a peale of shot is giuen.*

Mell. The tryumph's ended, but looke *Rossaline*,
What gloomy soule in strange accustrements
Walkes' on the pauement.

Rossa. Good sweete lets to her, pree the *Mellida*.

Mell. How couetous thou art of nouelties!

Rossa. Pish, tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.

Mell. I am exceeding willing, but—————

Ross. But what? pree the goe downe, lets see her face:
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affections Adamants. *Exeunt.*

Anto. Come downe, she comes like: O, no Simile
Is pretious, choyce, or elegant enough

To illustrate her descent: leape heart, she comes,

She

Antonio and Mellida.

She comes: smile heauen, and softest Southern winde
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.

She comes: Creations puritie, admir'd,
Ador'd, amazing raritie, she comes.

O now *Antonio* presse thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heape vp thy powers, double all thy man:

¶ *Enter Mellida, Rossaline, and Flauia.*

She comes. O how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!
Mount bloode, foule to my lips, tast *Hebes* cup:
Stand firme on decke, when beauties close fight's vp!

Mel. Ladie, your strange habite doth beget
Our pregnant thoughts, euen great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.

Rossa. Good sweete Lady, without more ceremonies,
What country claims your birth, & sweet your name?

Anto. In hope your bountie will extend it selfe,
In selfe same nature of faire curtesie,
Ile shunne all nicenesse; my nam's *Flarizell*,
My country *Scythia*, I am *Amazon*,
Cast on this shore by furie of the sea.

Ross. Nay faith, sweete creature, weele not vaile our
It pleas'd the Fort to dip me *Rossaline*:
That Ladie beares the name of *Mellida*,
The duke of *Venice* daughter.

Anto. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.

To Mellida kissing her hand.

Rossa. Now by my troth, I long beyond all thought,
To know the man; sweet beauty deigne his name.

C

Anto. Lady,

The first part of

Anto. Ladie, the circumstance is tedious.

Ros. Troth not a whit; good faire, lets haue it all:
I loue not, I, to haue a iot left out,
If the tale come from a lou'd Orator.

Anto. Vouchsafe me then your hush't obseruances,
Vehement in pursuite of strange nouelties,
After long trauaile through the *Asian* maine,
I shipt my hopefull thoughts for *Britany*;
Longing to viewe great natures miracle,
The glorie of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest eares with adoration,
Sayling some two monthes with inconstant winds,
We view'd the glistering *Venetian* forts;
To which we made when loe, some three leagues off,
We might descry a horred spectacle:
The issue of black fury strow'd the sea,
With tattered carcasses of splitted ships,
Halfe sinking, burning, floating, topsie turuie,
Not farre from these sad ruines of fell rage,
We might behold a creature presse the wanes;
Senselesse he sprauld, all notch't with gaping wounds:
To him we made, and (short) we tooke him vp:
The first word that he spake was, *Mellida*;
And then he swouned.

Mell. Aye me!

Anto. Why sigh you faire? to me I am belid.

Ros. Nothing but little humours: good sweet, on.

Anto. His wounds being drest, and life recovered,
We gan discourse; when loe, the sea grewe mad,
His bowels rumbling with winde passion,

Straight

Antonio and Mellida.

Straight swarthy darknesse popt out *Phæbus* eye;
And blurd the iocund face of bright checkt day;
Whilst crudl'd fogges masked euen darknesse brow:
Heauen bad's good night, and the rocks gron'd
At the intestine vprore of the maine.
Now gustie flawes strook vp the very heeles
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre:
Straight chops a waue, and in his siftred pance
Downe fals our ship, and there he breaks his necke
Which in an instant vp was belkt againe.
VVhen thus this martyrd soule began to sigh;
Giue me your hand (quoth he) now doe you graspe
Th'vnequall mirrour of raggid misery:
Is't not a horrid storme? O, well shapit sweete, (woüds,
Could your quicke eye strike through these gashed
You should beholde a heart, a heart, faire creature,
Raging more wilde then is this franticke sea:
VVolt doe me a fauour, if thou chance suruiue?
But visit *Venice*, kisse the pretious white
Of my most; nay all all Epithites are base
To attribute to gracious *Mellida*:
Tell her the spirit of *Antonio*
VVisheth his last gaspe breath'd vpon her breast.
Ros. VVhy weepes soft hearted *Florisell*?
Ant. Alas, the flintie rocks groand at his plaints:
Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate fire
Hath crackt his bosome; therewithall he wept,
And thus sigh't on. The sea is merciful;
Looke how it gapes to bury all my grieffe;

The first part of

Well, thou shalt haue it, thou shalt be his rounce:
My faith in my loue liues; in thee, dy woe,
Dye vnmatcht anguish, dye *Antonio*:

With that he totterd from the reeling decke,
And downe he funke:

Ross. Pleasures bodie, what makes my Lady weepe?

Mell. Nothing, sweet *Rossaline*, but the ayer's sharpe.
My fathers Palace, Madam, will be proud
To entertaine your presence, if youle daine
To make repose within: Aye me!

Ant. Ladie our fashion is not curious.

Ross. Faith all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mell. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
What succour came, or what strange fate in few words?

Ant. Most willingly: but this same court is vast,
And publike to the staring multitude.

Rossa. Sweet Lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
Vveele be bedfellowes: durt on complement froth.

Exeunt; *Rossaline* giuing *Antonio* the way.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Catzo (with a Capon) eating, *Dildo* following
him.

Dil. **H**AH *Catzo*, your master wants a cleane trencher: doe you heare?

Balardo: calls for your diminutive attendance.

Catz. The belly hath no eares *Dildo*.

Dil. Good pugge giue me some capon.

Catz. No

Antonio and Mellida.

Cat. No capon, no not a bitte yee smooth bully; capon's no meat for *Dildo*: milke, milke, yee glibbery vrchin, is foode for infants.

Dil. Vpon mine honour

Cat. Your honour with a paugh? Slid, now euery Iack an Apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour; euery Assē puts on the Lyons skinne and roars his honour, vpon your honour. By my Ladies panta-ble, I feare I shall liue to heare a Vintners boy cry; tis rich neat Canary, vpon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's vp.

Cat. I think thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of furie is lighted, fastned to the linstock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double coule- ring of my incensement in the face of thy opprobrious speach.

Cat. Ile stop the barrell thus; god *Dildo*, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt; and I wil eate to the health of the foole thy master *Castilio*.

Cat. And I will suck the iuyce of the capon, to the health of the Idiot thy master *Balurdo*.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of Rapiers sheathed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right dutch blades. But was't not rare sport at the sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roard from the ship sides, to viewe our masters pluck their plumes and droppe their feathers, for feare of being men of marke.

The first part of

Dill. Slud (*cri'd Signior Balurdo*) O for *Don Bessiclers* armour, in the Mirror of Knighthood: what coil's here? O for an armour, Canon profe: O, more cable, more fetherbeds, more fetherbeds, more cable, till hee had as much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

¶ *Enter Flavia in haste, with a rebato.*

Catz. Buxome *Flavia*: can you sing? song, song.

Fla. My sweete *Dildo*, I am not for you at this time: *Madam Rossaline* stayes for a fresh ruffe to appeare in the presence: sweete away.

Dil. I will not be so put off, delicate, delicious, spark eyed, sleek skind, slender wasted, clean legd, rarely shap't.

Fla. VVho, Ile be at all your seruice another season: nay faith ther's reason in all things.

Dil. VVould I were reason then, that I might be in all things.

Cat. The breefe and the semiquauer is, wee must haue the descant you made vpon our names, ere you depart.

Fla. Faith, the song will seeme to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth not a whit, if you seeme to come off quickly.

Fla. Peart *Catz*, knock it lustily then.

CANTANT.

¶ *Enter Forobosco, with two torches: Castilio singing fantastically: Rossaline running a Caranto pase, and Balurdo: Feliche following, wondring at them all.*

Fero. Make place gentlemen; pages, hold torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Dill. VVhat squeaking cart-wheel haue we here? ha?

Make

Antonio and Mellida.

Make place gentlemen, pages holde torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Ros. Faugh, what a strong sent's here, some bodie vseth to weare socks.

Bal. By this faire candle light, tis not my feete, I neuer wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Ros. Sauourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galles off the skinne with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse: by sweetenesse, she is the very *Pallas* that flewe out of *Iupiters* braine pan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee your seruice: by the puritie of bounty, I shall be proud of such bondage.

Ros. I vouchsafe it; be my slaue. *Signior Balurdo*, wilt thou be my seruant too?

Ba. O god: forsooth in very good earnest, law, you wold make me as a man should say, as a man should say.

Fe. Slud sweet beauty, will you deign him your seruice?

Ros. O, your foole is your only seruant. But good *Feliche* why art thou so sad? a pennie for thy thought, mā.

Feli. I sell not my thought so cheap: I valewe my meditation at a higher rate.

Ball. In good sober sadnesse, sweet mistris, you should haue had my thought for a penny: by this crimson *Satten* that cost eleuen shillings, thirteene pence, three pence, halfe pennie a yard, that you should, law.

Ros. VVhat was thy thought, good seruant?

Ba. Marrie forsooth, hovv manie strike of pease wold feed a hog fat against *Christide*.

Ro. Paugh; seruant rub out my rheum, it soiles the pre-

The first part of

Casti. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shoe with an vnmeasured honour: I will preferue the soale of it, as a most sacred relique, for this seruice.

Ross. Ile spit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to grace thee.

Felich. O that the stomack of this queasie age Digestes, or brookes such raw vnseasoned gobs, And vomits not them forth! O flauish sots. Seruant quoth you? faugh: if a dogge should craue And beg her seruice, he should haue it straight: Sheed giue him fauours too; to lick her feete, Or fetch her fanne, or some such drudgery: A good dogs office, which these amorists Tryumph of: tis rare, well giue her more Asses, More sot, as long as dropping of her nose Is sworne rich pearle by such low slaues as those.

Ross. *Flauia*, attend me to attire me.

Exit Rossaline and Flauia.

Balur. In sad good earnest, sir, you haue toucht the very bare of naked truth; my silk stocking hath a good glosse, and I thanke my planets, my legge is not altogether vnpropitiously shap't. There's a word: vnpropitiously? I thinke I shall speake vnpropitiously as well as any courtier in *Italy*.

Foro. So helpe me your sweete bounty, you haue the most gracefull presence, applasue elecuty, amazing volubility, polisht adoration, delicious affabilitie.

Fel. Whop: fut how he tickles yon trout vnder the gilles! you shall see him take him by and by, with groping flattery.

Foro. That

Antonio and Mellida.

Foro. That euer rauisht the eare of wonder. By your sweete selfe, then whome I knowe not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, ador'd, obserued, pretious, reall, magnanimous, bou'tious: if you haue an idle rich cast ierkin, or so, it shall not be cast away, if; hah? heres a foreheade, an eye, a heade, a haire, that would make a: or if you haue any spare paire of siluer spurs, ile doe you as much right in all kinde offices

Fel. Of a kinde Parasite

Foro. As any of my meane fortunes shall be able to

Balur. As I am true Christian now, thou hast wonne the spurres

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian louse;
A rotten maggot, that liues by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senselesse carion.

¶ *Enter Alberto.*

Alb. Gallants, saw you my mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline?

Foro. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, left the presence euen now.

Casti. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gracious aspect euen now.

Balur. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gracious aspect euen now.

Felich. Well said eccho.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, and your mistresse, & the dogs mistresse: pretious dear heauen, that

D

Alberto

The first Parte of

Alberto liues, to haue such riuals.

Slid, I haue bin searching euery priuate rome,

Corner, and secret angle of the court:

And yet, and yet, and yet she liues conceal'd.

Good sweete *Feliche*, tell me how to finde

My bright fac't mistresse out.

Fel. Why man, cry out for lanthorne and candle-light. For tis your onely way, to finde your bright flaming wench, with your light burning torch: for most commonly, these light creatures liue in darknesse.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for A.

Fel. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the sent of your mistresse shooe; away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, aduance your lightes:

The Princessse makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good deede, law, you shal see me tickle the measures for the heauens.

Doe my hangers shoue:

¶ Enter *Piero, Antonio, Mellida, Rossaline, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Alberto, and Flavia*. As they enter, *Feliche, & Castilio* make a ranke for the Duke to passe through. *Foro* ushers the Duke to his state: then whilst *Piero* speaketh his first speech, *Mellida* is taken by *Galeatzo* and *Matzagente*, to daunce; they supporting her: *Rossaline*, in like maner, by *Alberto* and *Balardo*: *Flavia*, by *Feliche* and *Castilio*.

Pier. Beauti-

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. Beautious Amazon, sit, and seat your thoughts
In the reposeure of most soft content.

Sound musick there. Nay daughter, cleare your eyes,
From these dull fogs of mistie discontent:

Look sprightly girl. What? though *Antonio's* droun'd,
That peeuish dotard on thy excellence,
That hated issue of *Andrugio*:

Yet maist thou triumph in my victories;
Since, loe, the high borne bloodes of Italy
Sue for thy leate of loue. *Let musique sound.*

Beautie and youth run descant on loues ground.

Matz. Ladie, erect your gracious summetry:
Shine in the spheare of sweete affection:
Your eye as heauie, as the heart of night.

Mell. My thoughts are as black as your bearde, my
fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs; and all the
powers of my minde, as leaden as your wit, and as
dustie as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith sweet, ile lay thee on the lips for that iest.

Mell. I pree thee intrude not on a dead mans right.

Gal. No, but the liuings iust possession.

Thy lips, and loue, are mine.

Mell. You nere tooke seizin on them yet: forbear:

There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fild with deade *Antonio's* losse.

Then vrge no more; O leaue to loue at all;
Tis lesse disgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent Ladie, daine your care:
You see this blade, had it a courtly lip,
It would diuulge my valour, plead my loue,

The first Parte of

Iustle that skipping feeble amorist.

Out of your loues seat ; I am *Matzagent*. (eare

Gale. Harke thee , I pray thee taint not thy sweete
With that sots gabble ; By thy beautious cheeke,
He is the flagging' st bulrush that ere droopt
With each slight mist of raine. But with pleas'd eye
Smile on my courtshippe.

Mel. What said you sir ? alas my thought wax fixt
Vpon another obiect. Good, forbear:

I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare!

Come, come, lets daunce. O musicke thou distill' st
More sweetnesse in vs then this iarring world:

Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath,
Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flowe
Nothing but timelesse griefe, vnmeasured woe.

Anto. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins,
And cruddles thicke my blood, with boiling rage!

O eyes, why leape you not like thunderbolts,

Or canon bullets in my riuals face;

Oy me infeliche misero, o lamenteuol fato!

Alber. What meanes the Lady fal vpon the ground?

Ross. Belike the falling sicknesse. (wilde:

Anto. I cannot brooke this sight, my thoughts grow
Here lies a wretch, on whome heauen neuer smilde.

Ross. What seruant, nere a word, and I here man?
I would shoot some speach forth, to strike the time
With pleasing touch of amorous complement.

Say sweete, what keepes thy minde, what think' st thou

Alb. Nothing. on?

Rossa. Whats that nothing?

Alb. A

Antonio and Mellida.

Alb. A womans constancie.

Rossa. Good, why, would'st thou haue vs fluts, & neuer shift the vestur of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. O no, thart too constant to afflict my heart,
Too too firme fixed in vnmouued scorne.

Ross. Pish, pish; I fixed in vnmouued scorne?
Why, Ile loue thee to night.

Alb. But whome to morrow?

Ross. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.

Bal. And pleased the marble heauens, now would I might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to conceipt my my my: pray you giue in an Epithite for

Fel. Roaring, roaring. (loue.
O loue thou hast murdred me, made me a shadowe,
and you heare not *Balurdo*, but *Balurdos* ghost.

Rossa. Can a ghost speake?

Bal. Scuruily, as I doe.

Ross. And walke?

Bal. After their fashion.

Ross. And eate apples?

Bal. In a sort, in their garbe.

Feli. Pree thee *Flauia* be my mistresse.

Fla. Your reason, good *Feliche*?

Fel. Faith, I haue nineteene mistresses alreadie, and I not much disdeigne that thou shold'st make vp the ful score.

Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your mistresses, to performe the office of memory by. Pray you, in auncient times were not those fatten hose? In good faith, now they are new dyed, pinkt & scoured,

The first Parte of

they shoue as well as if they were new.

What, mute *Balarido*?

Feli. I in faith, & twere not for printing, and painting,
my breech, and your face would be out of reparation.

Bal. I, an faith, and twere not for printing, & poin-
ting, my breech, and your face would be out of repara-
tion.

Fel. Good againe, Echo.

Fla. Thou art, by nature, too foule to be affected.

Feli. And thou, by Art, too faire to be beloued.
By wits life, most sparke spirits, but hard chance.

La ty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old; & downy sleep
Courts vs, to entertaine his company:

Our tyred lymbes, brus'd in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose.

Fill out Greeke wines; prepare fresh cressit-light:
Weele haue a banquet: Princes, then good night.

¶ The Cornets sound a Synnet, and the Duke goes out in
state. As they are going out, Antonio stayes Mellida:
the rest Exeunt.

(you?

An. What meanes these scattred looks? why tremble
Why quake your thoughts, in your distracted eyes?

Collect your spirits, Madam; what doe you see?

Dost not beholde a ghost?

Look, look where he stalks, wrapt vp in clouds of grief,
Darting his sowle, vpon thy wondring eyes.

Looke, he comes towards thee; see, he stretcheth out

His

Antonio and Mellida.

His wretched armes to girt thy loued waste,
With a most wisht embrace: see'st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha, *Mellida*; thou well maist erre:
For looke; he walkes not like *Antonio*:
Like that *Antonio*, that this morning shone,
In glistering habilliments of armes,
To seize his loue, spight of her fathers spite:
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through,
With sinking grieffe, rowld vp in seauen-fould doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable: harke, he speakes to thee.

Mell. Alas, I can not heare, nor see him.

Anto. Why? al this night about the roome he stalkt,
And groand, and houl'd, with raging passion,
To view his loue (life blood of all his hopes,
Crowne of his fortunes) clipt by strangers armes.
Looke but behinde thee.

Mel. O, *Antonio*; my Lord, my Loue, my

An. Leaue passion, sweet; for time, place, aire, & earth,
Are all our foes: feare, and be iealous; faire,
Lets fly.

Mell. Deare heart; ha, whether?

Anto. O, tis no matter whether, but lets fly.
Ha! now I thinke ont, I haue nere a home:
No father, friend, no country to imbrace
These wretched limbes: the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doite:
Onelie my head is hoiled to high rate,
Worth twentie thousand double Pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.

The first Parte of

But come sweete creature, thou shalt be my home,
My father, country, riches, and my friend:
My all, my soule; and thou and I will liue:
(Lets thinke like what) and thou and I will liue
Like vnmatcht mirrors of calamitie.
The iealous care of night eauedrops our talke.
Holde thee, thers a iewell; & look thee, thers a note
That will direct thee when, where, how to fly;
Bid me adieu.

Mell. Farewell bleak misery.

Anto. Stay sweet, lets kisse before you goe.

Mel. Farewell deare soule.

Anto. Farewell my life, my heart.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

¶ Enter *Andrugio* in armour, *Lucio* with a sheepeheard
gowne in his hand, and a Page.

(flakes,

Andr. **I**S not yon gleame, the shuddering morne that
With siluer tinctur, the east vierge of heauen?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellence.

Andr. Away, I haue no excellence to please.

Pree the obserue the custome of the world,
That onely flatters greatnesse, States exalts.

And please my excellence! O *Lucio*.

Thou hast bin euer held respected deare,
Euen pretious to *Andrugios* inmost loue.

Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giu'st not faith
That I am wretched, O read that, read that.

Antonio and Mellida.

Piero Sforza, to the Italian Princes, fortune.

EXCELLENT, the iust overthrowe, Andrugio tooke in the Venetian gulfe, hath so assured the Genowaies of the iustice of his cause, and the hatefulnessse of his person, that they haue banisht him and all his family: and, for confirmation of their peace with vs, haue vowed, that if he, or his sonne, can be attached, to send vs both their heads. Wee therefore, by force of our united league, forbid you to harbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend his person, we intreat you to send him, or his head, to vs. For wee vowe by the honour of our blood, to recompence any man that bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double Pistolets, and the indeering to our choysfest loue.

From Venice: PIERO SFORZA.

Andr. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eats her children, should not haue eyes & ears.
Philosophie maintaines that Natur's wise,
And formes no vselesse or vnperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me vp honour; and like a cunning Dutchmā,
Paints me a puppit euen with seeming breath,
And giues a lot appearance of a soule,
Goe to, goe to; thou liest Philosophy,

E

Nature

The first part of

Nature formes things vnperfect, vselesse, vaine.

Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares?

That she might see desert, and heare mens plaints:

That when a soule is splitted, sunke with grieffe,

He might fall thus, vpon the breast of earth;

And in her eare, halloo his misery:

Exclaiming thus. O thou all bearing earth, (mouths,

Which men doe gape for, till thou cranist their

And choakst their throats with dust: O chaunce thy brest,

And let me sinke into thee. Looke who knocks;

Andrugio calls. But O, she's deafe and blinde.

A wretch, but leane reliefe on earth can finde.

Lu. Sweet Lord, abandon passion, and disarme.

Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,

We are rowl'd vp, vpon the *Venice* marsh,

Lets clip all fortune, least more lowring fate

And. More lowring fate? O *Lucio*, choak that breath.

Now I defie chaunce. Fortunes browe hath frown'd,

Euen to the vtmost wrinkle it can bend:

Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,

What sonne, what comfort that she can depriue?

Tryumphes not *Venice* in my ouerthrow?

Gapes not my natiue country for my blood?

Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine?

And yet more lowring fate? There's nothing left

Vnto *Andrugio*, but *Andrugio*:

And that nor mischief, force, distresse, nor hel can take.

Fortune my fortunes, not my minde shall shake.

Lu. Speake like your selfe: but giue me leaue, my Lord,

To wish your safetie. If you are but seene,

Your

Antonio and Mellida.

Your armes display you; therefore put them off,
And take (foes?)

And. Would'st thou haue me go vnarm'd among my
Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combat with despaire and mightie grieffe:
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha *Lucio*, goe vnarm'd?
Come soule, resume the valour of thy brith;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposits:
Ile muster forces, an vnuanquisht power:
Cornets of horse shall presse th' vngratefull earth;
This hollow wombed masse shall inly grone,
And murmur to sustaine the waight of armes:
Gastly amazement, with vpstart haire,
Shall hurry on before, and vs her vs,
Whil'st trumpets clamour, with a sound of death.

Lu. Peace, good my Lord, your speach is al too light.
Alas, suruey your fortunes, looke what's left
Of all your forces, and your vtmost hopes?
A weake old man, a Page, and your poore selfe.

And. *Andrugio* liues, and a faire cause of armes,
Why that's an armie all inuincible.
He who hath that, hath a battalion
Royal, armour of prooffe, huge troupes of barbed steeds,
Maine squares of pikes, millions of harguebush.
O, a faire cause stands firme, and will abide.
Legions of Angels fight vpon her side.

Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise,
Vnto some gracious Prince, and soiourne there,
Till time, and fortune giue reuenge firme meanes.

The first part of

And. No, ile not trust the honour of a man:
Golde is growne great, and makes *perfidiousnesse*
A common water in most Princes Courts:
He's in the Chekle-roule: Ile not trust my blood;
I know none breathing, but will cogge a dye
For twentie thousand double Pistolets.
How goes the time?

Luc. I saw no sunne to day.

And. No sun wil shine, where poor *Andrugio* breaths,
My soule growes heauie: boy let's haue a song:
Weele sing yet, faith, euen despite of fate.

CANTANT.

And. Tis a good boy, & by my troth, well sung.
O, and thou felt'st my grieffe, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st haue strook diuision to the height;
And made the life of musicke breath: hold boy: why so?
For Gods sake call me not *Andrugio*,
That I may soone forget what I haue bin.
For heauens name, name not *Antonio*;
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon sunne set, ile shew my selfe my selfe,
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke; that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall. *Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter Feliche walking, vrbrac't.*

Fe. *Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo?* none vp?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou vp yet:
Then there's no Courtier stirring: that's firme truth?
I cannot sleepe: *Feliche* seldome rests

Antonio and Mellida.

In these court lodgings. I haue walkt all night,
To see if the nocturnall court delights
Could force me enuie their felicitie:
And by plaine troth; I will confesse plaine troth:
I enuie nothing, but the Trauense light.
O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues, it might
See sport, heare speach of most strange surquedries.
O, if that candle-light were made a Poet,
He would prooue a rare firking Satyrift,
And drawe the core forth of impostum'd sin.
Well, I thanke heauen yet, that my content
Can enuie nothing, but poore candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glisten in the tyer of the Court,
Praise God, I eyther hate, or pittie them.
Well, here ile sleepe till that the sceane of vp
Is past at Court, O calme husht rich content,
Is there a being blessednesse without thee? (rest,
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast.

¶ *Enter Castilio and his Page: Castilio with a casting bottle
of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.*

Cast. Am not I a most sweete youth now?

Cat. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd; your verie
Doe smell of Amber greece. O stay sir, stay; (words
Sprinkle some sweete water to your shooes heeles,
That your mistresse may swear you haue a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing passing good.

The first part of

Fel. Fut, what trebble minikin squeaks there, ha? good? very good, very very good?

Casti. I will warble to the delicious concaue of my Mistresse care: and strike her thoughts with The pleasing touch of my voice.

CANTANT.

Cast. Feliche, health, fortune, mirth, and wine,

Fel. To thee my loue diuine.

Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.

Fel. Plague on thee for an Ass.

Cast. Now thou hast seene the Court; by the perfection of it, dost not enuie it?

Fel. I wonder it doth not enuie me.

Why man, I haue bene borne vpon the spirits wings,
The soules swift *Pegasus*, the fantasie:

And from the height of contemplation,

Haue view'd the feeble ioynts men totter on.

I enuie none; but hate, or pittie all.

For when I viewe, with an intentiue thought,

That creature faire; but proud; him rich, but sot:

Th'other wittie; but vnmeasured arrogant:

Him great; yet boundlesse in ambition:

Him high borne; but of base life: to'ther feard;

Yet feared feares, and fears most, to be most loued:

Him wise; but made a foole for publick vse:

Th'other learned, but selfe-opinionate:

When I discourse all these, and see my selfe

Nor faire, nor rich, nor wittie, great, nor fear'd:

Yet

Antonio and Mellida.

Yet amply futed, with all full content:
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing vp
A gratefull spirit to omnipotence!

Cast. Ha, ha: but if thou knew'st my happinesse,
Thou wouldst euen grate away thy soule to dust,
In enuy of my sweete beatitude:
I can not sleepe for kisses; I can not rest
For Ladies letters, that importune me
With such vnused vehemence of loue,
Straight to sollicit them, that

Feli. Confusion seize me, but I thinke thou lyeest.
Why should I not be sought to then aswell?
Fut, me thinks, I am as like a man,
Troth, I haue a good head of haire, a cheeke
Not as yet wan'd; a legge, faith, in the full.
I ha not a red beard, take not tobacco much:
And S'lid, for other parts of manlinesse

Cast. Pew waw, you nere accourted them in
pompe:
Put your good parts in prefence, gratioously.
Ha, and you had, why they would ha come of, sprung
To your armes: and su'd, and prai'd, and vow'd;
And opened all their sweetnesse to your loue.

Fe! There are a number of such things, as then
Haue often vrg'd me to such loose beliefe:
But S'lid you all doe lye, you all doe lie.
I haue put on good cloathes, and sinugd my face,
Strook a faire wench, with a smart speaking eye:
Courted in all sorts, blunt, and passionate;

The first part of

Had opportunitie put them to the ah:
And, by this light, I finde them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable; perchance a kiſſe, or ſo:
But for the reſt, O moſt inexorable.

Caſt. Nay then ifaith, pree thee looke here.

¶ Shewes him the ſuſcription of a ſeeming Letter.

Fel. To her moſt eſteemed, lou'd, and generous ſeruant, Sig.
Caſtilio Balthazar.

Pree the from whome comes this? faith I muſt ſee.

*From her that is deuoted to thee, in moſt priuate ſweetes of
loue; Roſſaline.*

Nay, god's my comfort, I muſt ſee the reſt;

I muſt, ſans ceremonie, faith I muſt.

Feliche takes away the letter by force.

Caſt. O, you ſpoyle my ruffe, vnſet my haire; good
away.

Fel. Item for ſtrait canuas, thirteene pence, halfe
penny. Item for an elie and a halfe of taffata to coner
your olde canuas dubblet, foureteen ſhillings, & three
pence. S'light, this a tailors bill.

Caſt. In ſooth it is the outside of her letter; on which
I tooke the copie of a tailors bill.

Dil. But tis not croſt, I am ſure of that. Lord haue
mercie on him, his credit hath giuen vp the laſt gaspe.
Faith ile leaue him; for hee lookes as melancholy as
a wench the firſt night ſhe *Exit.*

Feli. Honest muſk-cod, twill not be ſo ſtitched toge-
ther; take that, and that, and belie no Ladies loue:
ſweare no more by Ieſu: this Madam, that Ladie;
hence goe, forſweare the preſence, trauaile three years

Antonio and Mellida.

to bury this bastinado: auoide, puffe paste, auoide.

Cast. And tell not my Ladie mother. Well, as I am true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessing, not to spoyle my face; if I could not finde in my heart to fight, would I might nere cate a Potatoe pye more.

Enter Balurdo, backward; Dildo following him with a looking glasse in one hand, & a candle in the other hand: Flauia following him backward, with a looking glasse in one hand, and a candle in the other; Rossaline following her. Balurdo and Rossaline stand setting of faces: and so the Sceane begins.

Fel. More foole, more rare fooles! O, for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to acte these fooles! Here might be made a rare Scene of folly, if the plat could beare it.

Bal. By the suger-candy sky, holde vp the glasse higher, that I may see to sweare in fashion. O, one loofe more would ha made them shine; gods neakes, they would haue shone like my mystresse browe. Euen so the Duke frownes for all this Curfond world: oh that gerne kils, it kils. By my golden What's the richest thing about me?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold vp; that I may put in: hold vp, I say, that I may see to put on my gloues.

Dil. O, delicious sweet cheekt master, if you discharge but one glance from the leuell of that set face: O, you will strike a wench; youle make any wench loue you.

F

Balur. By

The first Parte of

Balur. By Iesu, I think I am as elegant a Courtier,
25 How lik'st thou my suite?

Catz. All, beyond all, no peregal: you are wondred at,
for an affe.

Bal. Well, *Dildo*, no christen creature shall knowe
hereafter, what I will doe for thee heretofore.

Ros. Here wants a little white, *Flauia*.

Dil. I, but master, you haue one little fault, you sleepe
open mouth'd.

Ball. Pewe, thou iestst. In good fadnesse, Ile haue a
looking glasse nail'd to the the testarn of the bed, that
I may see when I sleep, whether tis so, or not; take heed
you lye not: goe to, take heede you lie not.

Fla. By my troth, you looke as like the princeesse, now
I, but her lip is lip is a little redder, a very little
redder: but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I chage
my perewigge, mine shall be as red

Fla. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of
your bodie, that wanton dandling of your fan, becoms
prethely, so sweetly; tis euen the goodest Ladie that
breathes, the most amiable Faith the fringe of
your sattin peticote is ript. Good faith madam, they say
you are the most bounteous Lady to your women, that
euer O most delitious beautie! Good Madam
let me kith it.

¶ Enter *Piero*.

Feli. Rare sport, rare sport! A female foole, and a fe-
male flatterer

Ros. Bodie a mee, the Duke: away the glasse.

Pie. Take vp your paper, *Rossaline*.

Ros. Noe

Antonio and Mellida.

Rossa. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Ladie? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my sweete mistresse? O Ladie deare, euen as tis an olde say, Tis an old horse can neither wighy, nor wagge his taile: euen so doe I holde my set face still: euen so, tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose.

Pie. Meet me at *Abrahams*, the Iewes, where I bought my Amazons disguise. A shippe lies in the port, ready bound for England; make haste, come priuate.

¶ Enter *Castilio, Forobosco.*

Antonio, Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balurdo? run, keepe the Palace, post to the ports, goe to my daughters chamber: whether now? scud to the Iewes, stay, runne to the gates, stop the gundolets, let none passe the marsh, doe all at once. *Antonio?* his head, his head. Keep you the Court, the rest stand still, or runne, or goe, or shoute, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or doe doe doe, su su su, something: I know not who who who, what I do do do, nor who who who, where I am.

O trista traditriche, rea, ribalda fortuna,

Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.

Fel. Ha ha ha. I could breake my splene at his impatience.

Anto. Alma & gratiosa fortuna siate fauorevole,
*Et fortunati siano vnoti del mia dulce Mellida, Mel-
tida.*

Mel. Alas *Antonio*, I haue lost thy note.

The first Parte of

A number mount my staires; ile straight returne.

Fel. Antonio,

Be not affright, sweete Prince; appease thy feare,

Buckle thy spirits vp, put all thy wits

In wimble action, or thou art surpriz'd.

Anto. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or

Anto. Both, both, all, all: I pree thee let mee ly;

Spight of you all, I can, and I will dy.

Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath.

An. Each man take hence life, but no man death:

Hee's a good fellow, and keepes open house:

A thousand thousand waies lead to his gate,

To his wide mouth'd porch: when niggard life

Hath but one little, little wicket through.

We wring our selues into this wretched world,

To pule, and weepe, exclaime, to curse and raile,

To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth

As I doe now. *Antonio*, curse thy birth,

And die.

Fel. Nay, heauens my comfort, now you are peruerse;

You know I alwaies lou'd you; pree thee liue.

Wilt thou strike deade thy friends, drawe mourning
teares

An. Alas, *Feliche*, I ha nere a friend;

No country, father, brother, kinsman left

To weepe my fate, or sigh my funerall:

I roule but vp and downe, and fill a seat

In the darke caue of dusky misery. (key,

Feli. Fore heauen, the Duke comes: hold you, take my

Slinke

Antonio and Mellida.

Slinke to my chamber, looke you; that is it:
There shall you finde a suite I wore at sea:
Take it, and slippe away. Nay, pretious,
If youle be peeuish, by this light, Ile sweare,
Thou rail'dst vpon thy loue before thou dyedst,
And call'd her strumpet.

Ant. Sheele not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one: ile defame thy loue;
And make thy deade trunke held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs haue it so? why then *Antonio,*
Vive speranza, in despetto dell fato.

¶ *Enter Piero, Galeazzo, Matzagente, Forbosco, Bal-
larido, and Castilio, with weapons.*

Piero. O, my sweet Princes, was't not brauely found?
Euen there I found the note, euen there it lay.
I kisse the place for ioy, that there it lay.
This way he went, here let vs make a stand:
Ile keepe this gate my selfe: O gallant youth!
Ile drinke carouse vnto your countries health,

¶ *Enter Antonio.*

Euen in *Antonio's* scull.

Bal. Lord blesse vs: his breath is more fearefull then
a Sergeants voice, when he cries; I arrest.

Ant. Stoppe *Antonio,* keepe, keepe *Antonio.*

Piero. Where, where man, where?

Ant. Here, here: let me me pursue him downe the
marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundelet:

The first Parte of

Bring me his head, his head, and by mine honour,
Ile make thee the wealthiest Mariner that breathes.

Anto. Ile sweate my bloode out, till I haue him safe.

Pie. Speake heartily ifaith, good Mariner.

O, wee will mount in tryumph: soone, at night,
Ile set his head vp. Lets thinke where.

Bal. Vp on his shoulders, that's the fittest place for
it. If it be not as fit as if it were made for them; say, *Ba-
lurdo*, thou art a sot, an asse.

¶ *Enter Mellida in Pages attire, dauncing.*

Pie. Sprightly, ifaith. In troth he's somewhat like
My daughter *Mellida*: but alas poore soule,
Her honour heeles, god knowes, are halfe so light.

Mel. Escap't I am, spite of my fathers spight.

Pie. Ho, this will warme my bosome ere I sleepe.

¶ *Enter Flauia running.*

Fla. O my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my daughter's safe enough, I warrant thee.
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My daies vnmeasuredly.

It shall be chronicled, time to come;

Piero Sforza slewe *Andrugio's* sonne.

Fla. I, but my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my good wench, she is safe enough.

Fla. O, then, my Lord, you know she's run away.

Pie. Run away, away, how run away? (ther.

Fla. She's vanisht in an instante, none knowes whe-

Pie. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away.

¶ *Feliche sing; And was not good king Salomon.*

Fly, call, run, rowe, ride, cry, shout, hurry, haste:

Haste

Antonio and Mellida.

Haste, hurry, shoute, cry, ride, rowe, run, call, fly
Backward and forward, euery way about.

Maldetta fortuna chy condura sorta

Che fare, che diro, pur fugir tanto mal.!

Cast. Twas you that struck me euen now: was it not?

Fel. It was I that struck you euen now.

Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.

Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it.

Cast. Faith sir, I haue the richest Tobacco in the court
for you; I would be glad to make you satisfaction, if I
haue wronged you. I would not the Sun should set v-
pon your anger; giue me your hand.

Fel. Content faith, so thou'lt breede no more such
I hate not man, but mans lewd qualities. (lies.)

ACTVS QVARTVS.

¶ *Enter Antonio, in his sea gowne running.*

Ant. STOP, stop Antonio, stay Antonio.

Vaine breath, vaine breath, Antonio's lost;
He can not finde himselfe, not seize himselfe.
Alas, this that you see, is not Antonio,
His spirit houers in Piero's Court,
Hurling about his agill faculties,
To apprehend the sight of Mellida:
But poore, poore soule, wanting apt instruments
To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,
Roul'd vp in gloomie clouds as black as ayer,
Through which the rustie coach of Night is drawne:
Tis so, ile giue you instance that tis so.

The first Parte of

Concept you me. As hauing clasp't a rose
Within my palme, the rose being tane away,
My hand retaines a little breath of sweete:
So may mans trunkes; his spirit slipt awaie,
Holds still a faint perfume of his sweet ghest.
Tis so; for when discursiue powers flie out,
Androme in progresse, through the boundes of heauen,
The soule it selfe gallops along with them,
As chiefetaine of this winged troope of thought,
Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste,
Vntill the soule returne from What wast I said?
O, this is naught, but speckling melancholie.
I haue beene
That Morpheus tender skinp Cosen germane
Beare with me good
Mellida: clod vpon clod thus fall.
Hell is beneath, yet heauen is ouer all.

¶ Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Norwed.

And. Come *Lucio*, lets goe eat: what hast thou got?
Rootes, rootes? alas, they are seeded, new cut vp.
O, thou hast wronged Nature, *Lucio*:
But bootes not much; thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off vertue, fore it comes to growth,
Least it should seed, and so orerun her sonne,
Dull pore-blinde error. Giue me water, boy.
There is no poison in't I hope, they say
That lukes in massie plate: and yet the earth
Is so infected with a generall plague,
That hee's most wise, that thinks there's no man foole:
Right

Antonio and Mellida.

Right prudent, that esteemes no creature iust:
Great policy the least things to mistrust.

Giue me Assay How we mock greatnesse now!

Lu. A strong conceipt is rich, so most men deeme:
If not to be, tis comfort yet to seeme.

And. Why man, I neuer was a Prince till now.
Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Guilt tipstaues, Tyrrian purple, chaires of state,
Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In greatnesse summer, that confirme a prince:
Tis not the vsauory breath of multitudes,
Showting and clapping, with confused dinne;
That makes a Prince. No *Lucio*, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares doe aught, saue wrong,
Feares nothing mortall, but to be vniust,
Who is not blowne vp with the flattering puffes
Of spungy Sycophants: Who stands vnmou'd,
Despight the iustling of opinion:
Who can enioy himselfe, maugre the throng
That striue to presse his quiet out of him:
Who sits vpon *Ioues* footestoole, as I doe,
Adoring, not affecting, maiestie:
Whose brow is wreathed with the siluer crowne
Of cleare content: this, *Lucio*, is a king.
And of this empire, euery man's posselt,
That's worth his soule.

Lu. My Lord, the *Genowaies* had wont to say

And. Name not the *Genowaies*: that very word
Vnkings me quite, makes me vile passions slaue.
O, you that made open the glibbery Ice

The first part of

Of vulgar fauour, viewe *Andrugio*.
Was neuer Prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of tryumph launched out
Into the surgy maine of gouernment:
Was neuer Prince with more despight cast out,
Left shipwrackt, banisht, on more guiltlesse ground.
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude,
How you stil double, faulter, vnder the lightest chance
That straines your vaines. Alas, one battle lost,
Your whorish loue, your drunken healths, your houts
and shouts,
Your smooth God saue's, and all your diuel's last
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spit on me *Lucio*, for I am turnd slaue:
Obserue how passion domineres ore me.

Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, hauing lost a sonne,
A country, crowne, and

And. I *Lucio*, hauing lost a sonne, a sonne,
A country, house, crowne, sonne. *O lares, misereri lares.*
Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne,
My deare sweete boy, my deare *Antonio*.

Ant. *Antonio?*

And. I, eccho, I; I meane *Antonio*.

Ant. *Antonio*, who meanes *Antonio*?

And. Where art? what art? know'st thou *Antonio*?

Ant. Yes.

And. Liues hee?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies hee deade?

Ant. Here.

And.

Antonio and Mellida.

And. Where?

Ant. Here.

Andr. Art thou *Antonio*?

Ant. I thinke I am.

(*felfe:*

And. Dost thou but think? What, dost not know thy

Ant. He is a foole that thinks he knowes himselfe.

And. Vpon thy faith to heauen, giue thy name.

Ant. I were not worthy of *Andrugio's* blood,
If I denied my name's *Antonio.*

And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name *Andrugio.*

And dost thou liue? O, let me kisse thy cheeke,
And deaw thy browe with trickling drops of ioy.
Now heuens will be done: for I haue liu'd
To see my ioy, my sonne *Antonio.*

Giue me thy hand; now fortune doe thy worst,
His blood, that lapt thy spirit in the wombe,
Thus (in his loue) will make his armes thy tombe.

Ant. Blesse not the bodie with your twining armes,
Which is accurst of heauen. O, what black sinne
Hath bin committed by our auntient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights vpon our heads,
That thus the world, and fortune casts vs out,
As loathed obiects, ruines branded slaues.

And. Doe not expostulate the heuens will:
But, O, remember to forget thy felfe:
Forget remembrance what thou once hast bin.
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.
Euen trees haue tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raising of our house, my boy:

The first part of

Which fortune will not enuie, tis so meane,
And like the world (all durt) there shalt thou rippe
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine eares,
Whilst I sit weeping, blinde with passions teares:
Then ile begin, and weele such order keepe,
That one shall still tell greefes, the other weepe.

¶ *Exit Andrugio, leauing Antonio, and his Page.*

Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, pree thee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this colde marsh,
Wherein we lurke, have not corrupted it.

¶ *Enter Mellida, standing out of sight, in her Pages suite.*

I pree thee sing, but sirra (marke you me)
Let each note breath the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extreamest grieve.
Make me a straine; speake, groning like a bell,
That towles departing soules.
Breath me a point that may inforce me weepe,
To wring my hands, to breake my cursed breast,
Raue, and exclaime, lie groueling on the earth,
Straight start vp frantick, crying, *Mellida.*
Sing but, *Antonio* hath lost *Mellida,*
And thou shalt see mee (like a man posselt)
Howle out such passion, that euen this brinish marsh
Will squease out teares, from out his spungy cheekes,
The rocks euen groane, and
Pree thee, pree thee sing:
Or I shall nere ha done when I am in.
Tis harder for me end, then to begin.

¶ *The boy runnes a noie, Antonio breakes it.*

For looke thee boy, my grieve that hath no end,

Antonio and Mellida.

I may begin to playne, but pree thee sing,

CANTANT.

Mell. Heauen keepe you sir.

An. Heauen keepe you from me, sir.

Mell. I must be acquainted with you, sir.

Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with misery,
Sear'd with the anguish of calamitie?
Art thou true sorrow, hearty grieffe, canst weepe?
I am not for thee if thou canst not raue,

¶ *Antonio falls on the ground.*

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaime on heauen;
O trifling Nature, why enspiredst thou breath

Mell. Stay sir, I thinke you named *Mellida.*

Ant. Know'st thou *Mellida*?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Hast thou seene *Mellida*?

Mell. Yes.

Ant. Then hast thou seene the glory of her sex,
The musick of Nature, the vnequall'd lustre
Of vnmatched excellence, the vnited sweete
Of heauens graces, the most adored beautie,
That euer strooke amazement in the world.

Mell. You seeme to loue her.

Ant. With my very soule.

Mell. Shele not requite it: all her loue is fixt
Vpon a gallant, on *Antonio*,
The Duke of *Genoas* sonne. I was her Page:
And often as I waited, she would sigh;

The first part of

O, deere Antonio; and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my neck, and kisse, and kisse me thus.
Therefore leaue louing her: fa, faith me thinks,
Her beautie is not halfe so rauishing
As you discourse of; she hath a freckled face,
A lowe forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heauen, that I should heare such blasphemie.
Boy, rogue, thou liest, and
Spauento dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di graua morte restoro vero dolce Mellida,
Celesta saluatrice sourana Mellida
Del mio sperar; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. Diletta & soaue anima mia Antonio,
Godeuole belezza cortese Antonio.
Signior mio & virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto delli mei sensi, car' Antonio.

Ant. O suamisce il cor in vn soaue baccio,

Mel. Muro no i sensi nel desiato desio:

Ant. Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara.

Mel. Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara?

Ant. Dammi vn baccio da quella bocca beata,

Bassiammi, coglier l'aura odorata

Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.

Mel. Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore

Che bea me, co sempiterno honore,

Cosi, cosi mi conuerra morir.

Good sweet, scout ore the marsh: for my heart trembls
At euery little breath that strikes my care,
When thou returnest: and ile discourse
How I deceiu'd the Court: then thou shall tell

How

Antonio and Mellida.

How thou escap'st the watch: weele point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing cōmaes, and euen suck
The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Ant. Dul clod, no man but such sweet fauour clips.
I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.
Turne coward in her sight? away, away.

I thinke confusion of *Babell* is false vpon these louers,
that they change their language; but I feare mee, my
master hauing but fained the person of a woman, hath
got their vnfained imperfection, and is growne double
tongu'd: as for *Mellida*, she were no woman, if shee
could not yeelde strange language. But howfoeuer, if I
should sit in iudgement, tis an error easier to be par-
doned by the auditors, then excused by the authours;
and yet some priuate respect may rebate the edge of
the keener censure.

¶ Enter *Piero, Castilio, Matz agente, Forobosco, Feliche,*
Galeazzo, Balurdo, and his Page, at another dore.

Pie. This way shee took: search, my sweet gentlemē.
How now *Balurdo*, canst thou meete with any body?

Bal. As I am true gentleman, I made my horse sweat,
that he hath nere a dry thread on him: and I can meete
with no liuing creature, but men & beastes. In good
sadnesse, I would haue sworne I had seene *Mellida* e-
uen now: for I sawe a thing stirre vnder a hedge, and I
peep't, and I spyed a thing: and I peer'd, and I tweerd
vnderneath: and truly a right wise man might haue
beeue deceiued: for it was

The first part of

Pie. What, in the name of heauen?

Bal. A dun cowe.

Fel. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong Lady passe this way?

Gal. Why speake you not?

Bal. Gods neakes, proud else, giue the Duke roue-
rence, stand bare with a

Whogh! heauens blesse me: *Mellida, Mellida.*

Pie. Where man, where?

Balur. Turnd man, turnd man : women weare the
breaches, loe here,

Pie. Light and vnduteous! kneele not, peeuish else,
Speake not, entreate not, shame vnto my house,

Curse to my honour. Where's *Antonio*?

Thou traitresse to my hate, what is he shipt

For England now? well whimpering harlot, hence.

Mell. Good father

Pie. Good me no goods. Seest thou that sprightly
youth? ere thou canst tearme to morrow morning old,
thou shalt call him thy husband, Lord and loue.

Mel. Ay me.

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, gard her safely hence.
Drag her away, ile be your gard to night.

Young Prince, mount vp your spirits, and prepare
To solemnize your Nuptials eue with popme.

Gal. The time is scant: now nimble wits appeare:

Phæbus begins gleame, the welkin's cleare.

Exeunt all, but Balurdo and his Page.

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare: ile my selfe appeare,
Balurdo's selfe, that in quick wit doth surpasse,

Will

Antonio and Mellida.

Will shew the substance of a compleat

Dil. Assè, assè.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly prick

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly
in the verse, sir.

Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so brauely pranke
it, that ile tosse loue like a pranke, pranke it: a rime for
pranke it?

Dil. Blankit.

Bal. That ile tosse loue, like a dogge in a blanket: ha
ha, in deede law. I thinke, ha ha; I thinke ha ha, I think
I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it not deade, say,
Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. *Balurdo*, thou art an arrant sot.

¶ *Enter Andrugio and Antonio wreathed together,*

Lucio.

And. Now, come vnited force of chap-falne death:
Come, power of fretting anguish, leaue distresse.
O, thus infoulded, we haue breasts of prooffe,
Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I haue an antidote,
Gainst all the poyson that the world can breath.
My *Mellida*, my *Mellida* doth blesse
This bleak waste with her presence. How now boy,
Why dost thou weepe? alas, where's *Mellida*?

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

And. A sodden horror doth inuade my blood,
My sinewes tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosome to goe out,

H

Dreading

The first Parte of

Dreading the assailant, horrid passion.

O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blowe.

Speake quickly, briefly boy.

Pa. Her father found, and feis'd her, she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy bloode, be not frose vp with grief.

Courage, sweet boy, sinke not beneath the waight

Of crushing mischiefe. O where's thy dantlesse heart

Thy fathers spirit! I renounce thy blood,

If thou forsake thy valour.

Lu. See how his grief speakes in his slow-pac't steps:

Alas, tis more than he can vtter, let him goe.

Dumbe solitary path best sutcheth woe.

And. Giue me my armes, my armour *Lucio.*

Lu. Deare Lord, what means this rage, when lacking
Scarce safes your life, will you in armour rise? *vse.*

And. Fortune feares valour, presseth cowardize.

Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And meanes to blaze it.

And. *Nunquam potest non esse.*

Lu. Patience, my Lord, may bring your ils some end.

And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attend?
Come, let me die like old *Andrugio:*

Worthy my birth. O blood-true-honour'd graues

Are farre more blessed then base life of slaues. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVINTVS.

¶ Enter Balurdo, a Painter with two pictures, and
Dildo.

Bal.

Antonio and Mellida.

Bal. **A**ND are you a painter sir, can you drawe, can
you drawe?

Pay. Yes sir.

Ba. Indeede lawe: now so can my fathers forehore
horse. And are these the workmanshippe of your
hands?

Payn. I did lymne them.

Bal. Lymne them? a good word, lymne them: whose
picture is this? *Anno Domini 1599.* Beleeue mee,
master *Anno Domini* was of a good settled age when
you lymn'd him. 1599. yeares old: Lets see the other.
Etatis sue 24. Bir Ladie he is somewhat younger. Belike
master *Etatis sue* was *Anno Domini*s sonne.

Pa. Is not your master a

Dil. He hath a little procliuitie to him

Pa. Procliuitie, good youth? I thank you for your
courtly procliuitie.

Bal. Approach good sir. I did send for you to drawe
me a deuise, an *Imprezza*, by *Sinecdoche* a *Mott.* By
Phabus crymson taffata mantle, I thinke I speake as
melodiously, looke you sir, how thinke you ont? I wold
haue you paint mee, for my deuise, a good fat legge of
ewe mutton, swimming in stewde broth of plummes
(boy keele your mouth, it runnes ouer) and the word
shall be; *Holde my dish, whilst I spill my pottage.* Sure, in
my conscience, twould be the most sweete deuise,
now

Pa. Twould sent of kitchin-stuffe too much.

Bal. Gods neakes, now I remember mee, I ha

The first Parte of

the rarest deuise in my head that euer breathed. Can you paint me a driueling reeling song, & let the word be, Vh.

Payn. A belch.

Bal. O, no no: Vh, paint me vh, or nothing.

Pay. It can not be done sir, but by a seeming kinde of drunkenness.

Bal. No? well, let me haue a good massie ring, with your owne poesie grauen in it, that must sing a small trebble, worde for word, thus; *And if you will my true louer be,*

Come followe mee to the Greene wodde.

Pa. O Lord, sir, I can not make a picture sing.

B. Why? z'lid, I haue seen painted things sing as sweet: But I hau't will tickle it, for a conceipt ifaith.

¶ *Enter Feliche, and Alberto.*

Alb. O deare *Feliche*, giue me thy deuice.

How shall I purchase loue of *Rossaline*?

Fel. S'will, flatter her soundly.

Alb. Her loue is such, I can not flatter her:

But with my vtmost vehemence of speach,
I haue ador'd her beanties.

Fel. Hast writ good mouing vnaffected rimes to her.

Alb. O, yes, *Feliche*, but she scornes my writ.

Fel. Hast thou presented her with sumptuous gifts?

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Fel. O, then I haue it, ile tell thee what to doe.

Alb. What, good *Feliche*?

Fel. Goe and hang thy selfe, I say, goe hang thy selfe,

If

Antonio and Mellida.

If that thou canst not giue, goe hang thy selfe:
Ile rime thee dead, or verse thee to the rope.

How thinkst thou of a Poet that sung thus;

Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam:

Munere sollicites Pallada, Cypris erit.

Munera, munera.

Alb. Ile goe and breath my woes vnto the rocks,
And spend my grieffe vpon the deafest seas.

Ile weepe my passion to the senselesse trees,

And load most solitarie ayre with plaints.

For wods, trees, sea, or rocky *Appenine*,

Is not so ruthlesse as my *Rossaline*.

Farewell deare friend, expect no more of mee,

Here ends my part, in this loues Comedy. *Exit Alb.*

Exit Paynter.

Fel. Now master *Balurdo*, whether are you going, ha?

Bal. Signior *Feliche*, how doe you faith, & by my
troth, how doe you?

Fel. Whether art thou going, bully?

Bal. And as heauen helpe mee, how doe you?
How, doe you ifaith he?

Fel. Whether art going man?

Bal. O god, to the Court, ile be willing to giue you
grace and good countnance, if I may but see you in
the presence.

Fel. O to court? farewell.

Bal. If you see one in a yellow taffata dubblet, cut
vpon carnation valure, a greene hat, a blewe paire of
veluet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orange tauny pair of
worsted silke stockings, thats I, thats I.

The first Parte of

Fel. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you shall knowe me as easily, I ha bought mee a newe greene feather with a red sprig, you shall see my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches, you shall know me.

Fel. Very good, very good, farewell.

Bal. Marrie in the maske twill be somewhat harde. But if you heare any bodie speake so wittily, that hee makes all the roome laugh; that's I, that's I. Farewell good Signior.

¶ Enter Forobosco, Castilio, a boy carrying a gilt harpe: Piero, Mellida in night apparrell, Rossaline, Flavia, two Pages.

Pier. Aduance the musiques prize, now capring wits,
Rise to your highest mount; let choyce delight
Garland the browe of this tryumphant night.
Sfoote, a fits like Lucifer himselfe.

Rossa. Good sweete Duke, first let their voyces strain
for musicks price. Giue mee the golden harpe: faith
with your fauour, ile be vmpersse.

Pi. Sweet neece cōtent: boyes cleare your voice & sing.

I. CANTAT.

Rossa. By this Gould, I had rather haue a seruant with a short nose, and a thinne haire, then haue such a high stretch minikin voice.

Pie. Faire neece, your reason?

Rossa.

Antonio and Mellida.

Ross. By the sweete of loue, I should feare extreame-
ly that he were an Eunuch.

Cast. Sparke spirit, how like you his voice?

Ross. Spark spirit, how like you his voice?

So helpe me, youth, thy voice squeakes like a dry cork
shoe: come, come; lets heare the next.

2. CANTAT.

Pic. Trust me, a good strong meane, Well sung my
boy.

¶ *Enter Balurdo.*

Bal. Hold, hold, hold: are yee blind, could you not see
my voice comming for the harpe. And I knock not di-
uision on the head, take hence the harpe, make mee a
flip, and let me goe but for nine pence: Sir Marke, strike
vp for master *Balurdo.*

3. CANTAT.

Judgemēt gentlemen, iudgemēt. Wast not aboue line?
I appeale to your mouthes that heard my song.

Doe me right, and dub me knight *Balurdo.*

Ros. Kneele downe; and ile dub thee knight of the
golden harpe. (siluer fiddlestick,

Ba. Indeed law, doe, and ile make you Ladie of the

Ross. Come, kneele, kneele.

¶ *Enter a Page to Balurdo.*

Bal. My troth, I thank you, it hath neuer a whistle in't.

Ros. Naie, good sweet cuz raise vp your drooping eies,

The first Parte of

& I were at the point of To haue & to hold, from this day forward, I would be asham'd to looke thus lumpish. What, my prettie Cuz, tis but the losse of an od maidenhead: shall's daunce? thou art so sad, harke in mine eare. I was about to say, but ile forbear.

Ba. I come, I come, more then most hunny-suckle sweete Ladies, pine not for my presence, ile returne in pompe. Well spoke sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*. As I am a true knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to grope mee alreadie. *Exit.*

Pie. Faith, mad neece, I wonder when thou wilt marrie?

Rossa. Faith, kinde vncl, when men abandon ielosy, forsake taking of Tobacco, and cease to weare their heardes so rudely long. Oh, to haue a husband with a mouth continually sinoaking, with a bush of fur on the ridge of his chinne, readie still to flop into his forming chaps; ah, tis more than most intollerable.

Pier. Nay faith, sweete neece, I was mightie strong in thought we should haue shut v^p night with an ould Comedie: the Prince of *Millare* shall haue *Mellida*, & thou shouldst haue

Ros. No bodie, good sweete vncl. I tell you, sir, I haue 39 seruants, and my munkey that makes the fortieth. Now I loue al of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for any thing. One's a passionate foole, and hee flatters mee aboue believe: the second's a teastie ape, and hee railes at me beyond reason: the third's as graue as some Censor, and hee strokes vp his mustachoes three times; and makes six plots

Antonio and Mellida.

plots of set faces, before he speakes one wise word: the fourth's as dry, as the burre of an heartichoke; the fifth paints, and hath alwaies a good colour for what hee speakes: the sixt

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you thus suspect young gallants worth.

Ross. Oh, when I see one were a perewig, I dreade his haire; another wallowe in a greate sloppe, I mistrust the proportion of his thigh; and wears a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, one tricke in euery thing makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.

The Cornets sound a cymel.

¶ *Enter Galeatzo, Matzagente, and Balurdo in maskery.*

Pier. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there, close.

Mel. In faith, faire sir, I am too sad to daunce.

Pie. How's that, how's that? too sad? By heauen dance, And grace him to, or, goe to, I say no more.

Mell. A burning glasse, the word *splendente Phæbor*: 'Tis too curious, I conceipt it not.

Gal. Faith, ile tel thee. Ile no longer burne, then youle shine and smile vpon my loue. For looke yee fairest, by your pure sweets,

I doe not dote vpon your excellence.

And faith, vnlesse you shed your brightest beames Of sunny fauour, and acceptiue grace

Vpon my tender loue, I doe not burne:

Marry but shine, and ile reflect your beames,

The first part of

with feruent ardor. Faith I wold be loath to flatter thee faire soule, because I loue, not doat, court like thy husband; which thy father sweares, to morrowe morne I must be. This is all, and now from henceforth, trust me *Mellida*, Ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

Mell. I trust yee.

Gal. By my troth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now.

Mel. You will speake the liker your selfe.

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescombe, so you will not refuse the bable.

Mel. Nay good sweet, keepe them both, I am enamour'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for this. Lende me your eare.

Ros. A glowe worme, the word? *Splendescit tantum tenebris.*

Matz. O, Ladie, the glowe worme figurates my valour: which shineth brightest in most darke, dismall and horrid atchieuements.

Ros. Or rather, your glowe worme represents your wit, which only seems to haue fire in it, though indeed tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the darke deade night of fooles admiration.

Matz. Ladie, my wit hath spurs, if it wete dispos'd to ride you.

Ros. Faith sir, your wits spurs haue but walking rowels; dull, blunt, they will not drawe blood: the gentlemen vsers may admit them the Presence, for anie wrong they can doe to Ladies.

Bal. Truely, I haue strained a note aboue Ela, for a de
uise,

Antonio and Mellida.

uile; looke you, tis a faire rul'd singing booke: the word, *Perfect*, if it were prick't.

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite *Balurdo*, the most rarely shap't *Balurdo*.

Ba. Who, I? No I am not sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*. I am not as well knowne by my wit, as an alehouse by a red lattice. I am not worthy to loue and be belou'd of *Flauiia*,

Fla. I will not scorne to fauour such good parts, as are applauded in your rarest selfe.

Bal. Truly, you speake wisely, and like a Iantlewoman of foureteene yeares of age. You know the stone called *lapis*; the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is: and the bird, which the Geometricians cal *Auis*, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heauen: and loue, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote (ther's a word, remote) the more remote it is from the frost, Your wit is quicke, a little thinge pleaseth a young Ladie, and a smal fauour contenteth an ould Courtier; and so, sweete mistresse I trusse my codpeece point. ¶ *Enter Feliche.*

Pier. What might import this flourish? bring vs word.

Fel. Stand away: here's such a companie of flibotes, hulling about this galleasse of greatnesse, that there's no boarding him.

Doe you heare yon thing call'd, Duke?

Pie. How now blunt *Feliche*, what's the newes?

Fel. Yonder's a knight, hath brought *Andrugio's* head, & craues admittance to your chaire of state.

¶ *Cornets sound a Cynet: enter Andrugio in armour.*

The first part of

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous,
Sound all the pleasing instruments of ioy:
Make triumph, stand on tiptoe whil'st wee meete:
O fight most gracious, O reuenge most sweete!

And. We vowe, by the honour of our birth, to recompence
any man that bringeth *Andrugio's* head, with twentie thousand
double *Pistolets*, and the endearing to our choyssest loue.

Pie. We still with most vnmou'd resolu'd confirme
Our large munificence: and here breath
A sad and solemne protestation:
When I recall this vowe, O, let our house
Be euen commaunded, staine'd, and trampled on,
As worthlesse rubbish of nobilitie.

And. Then, here, *Piero*, is *Andrugio's* head,
Royally casked in a helme of steele:
Giue me thy loue, and take it, My dauntlesse soule
Hath that vnbounded vigor in his spirits,
That it can beare more ranke indignitie,
With lesse impatience, then thy cancred hate
Can sting and venome his vntainted worth,
With the most viperous sound of malice. Strike;
O, let no glimse of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royall breath
Creeping in thy vaines, O stifle it.
Be still thy selfe, bloodie and trecherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired acte
Of princely pittie. *Piero*, I am come,
To soyle thy house with an eternall blot
Of sauage crueltie; strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death; that thy nere dying shame

Might

Antonio and Mellida.

Might liue immortall to posteritie.

Come, be a princely hangman, stoppe my breath.

O dread thou shame, no more then I dread death.

Pie. We are amaz'd, our royall spirits numm'd,
In stiffe astonisht wonder at thy prowesse,

Most mightie, valiant, and high towring heart.

We blush, and turne our hate vpon our selues,

For hating such an vnpeer'd excellence.

I loy my state: him whome I loath'd before,

That now I honour, loue; nay more, adore.

¶ *The still Flutes sound a mournfull Cynet. Enter
a Coffin.*

But stay: what tragick spectacle appeares,

Whose bodie beare you in that mournfull hearse?

Lu. The breathlesse trunke of young *Antonio.*

Mell. *Antonio* (aye me) my Lord, my loue, my

And. Sweete pretious issue of most honor'd blood,
Rich hope, ripe vertue, O vntimely losse.

Come hither friend. Pree thee doe not weepe:

Why, I am glad hee's deade, he shall not see

His fathers vanquisht, by hisemie.

Euen in princely honour, nay pree thee speake.

How dy'd the wretched boy?

Lu. My Lord

And. I hope he dyed yet like my sonne, ifaith.

Lu. Alas, my Lord

And. He died vnforst, I trust, and valiantly.

Lu. Poore gentleman, being

And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull,
His thoughts reele, fearefull when he struck the stroke?

The first part of

And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse,
Rip vp his cearecloth, mangle his bleake face;
That when he comes to heauen, the powers diuine
Shall nere take notice that he was my sonne.
Ile quite disclaime his birth: nay pree thee speake:
And twere not hoopt with steel, my brest wold break.

Mel. O that my spirit in a sigh could mount,
Into the Spheare, where thy sweet soule doth rest.

Pie. O that my teares, bedewing thy wan cheeke,
Could make new spirit sprout in thy cold blood.

Bal. Verely, he lookes as pittifully, as a poore *Iohn*: as
I am true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.

And. Villaine, tis thou hast murdered my sonne.
Thy vnrelenting spirit (thou black dogge,
That took'st no passion of his fatall loue)
Hath forst him giue his life vntimely end.

Pie. Oh that my life, her loue, my dearest blood
Would but redeeme one minute of his breath.

Ant. I seize that breath. Stād not amaz'd, great states:
I rise from death, that neuer liu'd till now.

Piero, keepe thy vowe, and I enioy
More vnexpressed height of happinesse,
Then power of thought can reach: if not, loe here
There stands my tounge, and here a pleasing stage:
Most wisht spectators of my Tragedie,
To this end haue I fain'd, that her faire eye,
For whome I liu'd, might blesse me ere I die.

Mell. Can breath depaint my vncōceiued thoughts?
Can words describe my infinite delight,
Of seeing thee, my Lord *Antonio*?

Antonio and Mellida.

O no; conceipt, breath, passion, words be dumbe,
Whil'ft I instill the deawe of my sweete blisse,
In the soft pressure of a melting kisse;

Sic, sic iuuat ire sub umbras.

Pie. Faire sonne (now Ile be proud to call thee sonne)
Enioy me thus; my verie breast is thine:
Possesse me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father,

And. Sweet son, sweet son; I can speake no more:
My ioyes passion flowes aboue the shoare,
And choakes the current of my speach.

Pie. Young *Florence* prince, to you my lips must beg,
For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought,
So helpe me faith, the naked truth Ile vnfold;
He that was nere hot, will soone be cold,

Pie. No man els makes claime vnto her.

Matz. The valiant speake truth in brieft: no

Bal. Trulie, for sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*, he disclaimes to haue
had anie thing in her;

Pie. Then here I giue her to *Antonio*.

Royall, valiant, most respected prince,
Let's clippe our hands; Ile thus obserue my vowe;
I promis'd twentie thousand double Pistolets,
With the indeering to my dearest loue,
To him that brought thy head; thine be the golde,
To solemnize our houses vnitie:

My loue be thine, the all I haue be thine.

Fill vs fresh wine, the forme wee take by this:

Weele drinke a health, while they two sip a kisse.

The first part of

Now, there remains no discord that can sound
Harsh accents to the eare of our accord:

So please your neece to match.

Ross. Troth vncke, when my sweet fac't cuz hath tolde
me how she likes the thing, call'd wedlock; may be Ile
take a suruey of the checkroll of my seruants; & he that
hath the best parts of , Ile pricke him downe for my
husband.

Bal. For passion of loue now, remember me to my
mistresse, *Lady Rosaline*, when she is pricking down the
good parts of her seruants. As I am true knight, I grow
stiffe: I shall carry it.

Pie. I will.

Sound Lidian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On Nectar streames of your sweete ayres, to flote.

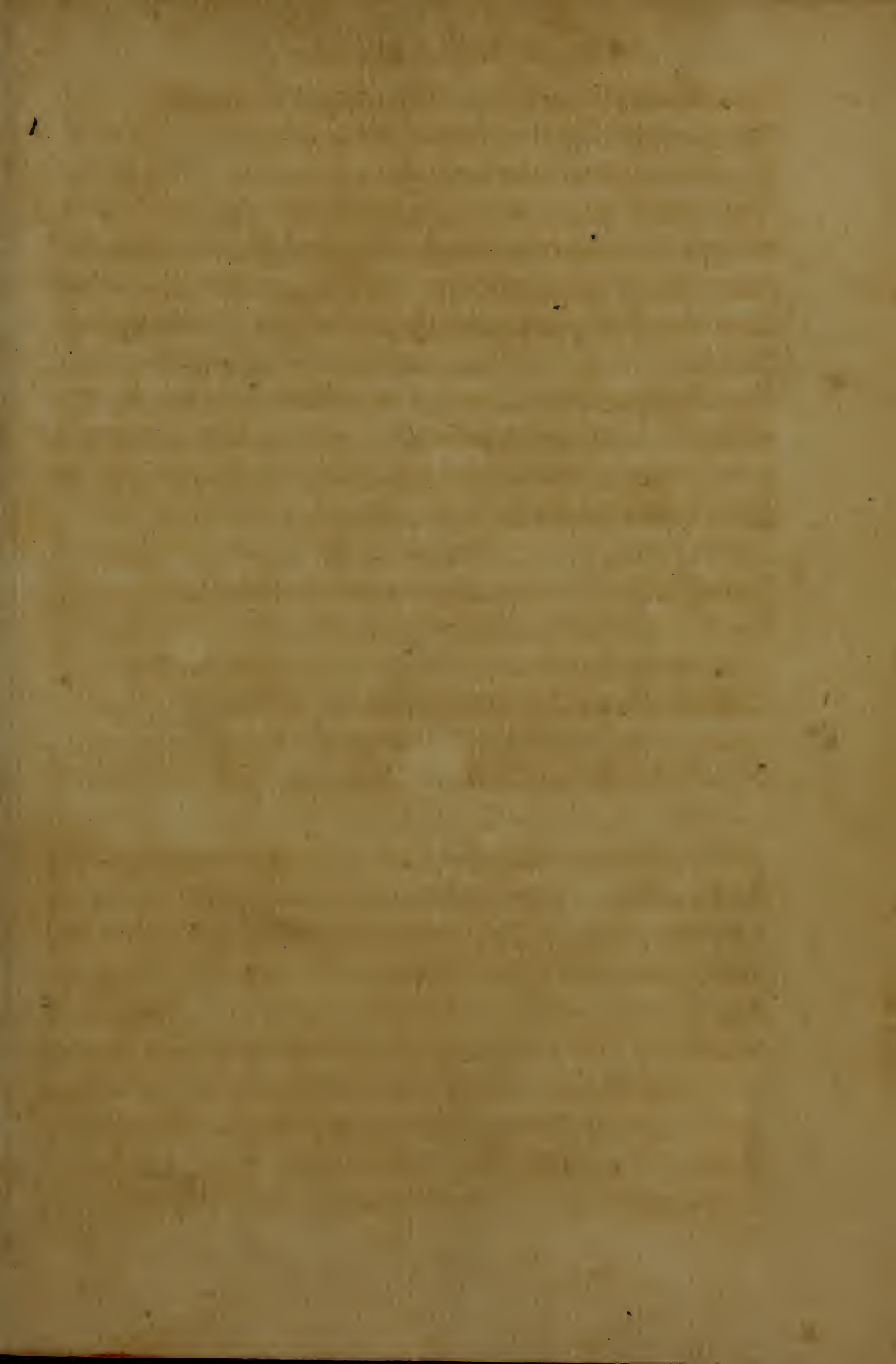
Ant. Here ends the comick crosses of true loue:
Oh may the passage most succesfull proue.

FINIS.

Epilogus.

Gentlemen, though I remaine an armed Epilogue, I
stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for
him that composed the Comedy, or for vs that acted it: but
a most submissiue supplyant for both. What imperfection you
haue scene in vs, leaue with vs, & weele amend it; what hath
pleased you, take with you, & cherish it. You shall not be more
ready to embrace any thing comendable, then we will endea-
uour to amend all things reproveable. What we are, is by your
fauour. what we shall be, rests all in your applausiue incon-
ragements.

Exit.





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